

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Jewes* house.

*Gob.* Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Lancelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

*Lan.* Talke you of yong Maister *Lancelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Lancelet*.

*Gob.* No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

*Lan.* Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Lancelet*.

*Gob.* Your worships friend and *Lancelet*.

*Lan.* But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Lancelet*.

*Gob.* Of *Lancelet*, ant please your maister ship.

*Lan.* *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceaied, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

*Lan.* Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alieue or dead.

*Lan.* Doe you not know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

*Lan.* Nay, indeede if you had your cies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Praie you first stand vp, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

*Lan.* Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

*Lan.* I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Jewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margerie* indeede, He be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worships might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my philhorfe has on his taile.

*Lan.* It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how geete you now?

*Lan.* Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Jew*, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liueries, if I serue

not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serue the *Jew* anie longer.

Enter *Bassanio* with a follower or two.

*Bass.* You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

*Lan.* To him Father.

*Gob.* God blesse your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

*Gob.* Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

*Lan.* Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Jewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

*Lan.* Indeeede the short and the long is, I serue the *Jew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* His Maister and he (saying your worships reuerence) are scarce catercoms.

*Lan.* To be brieue, the verie truth is, that the *Jew* hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

*Gob.* I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

*Lan.* In verie brieue, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

*Bass.* One speake for both, what would you?

*Lan.* Serue you sir.

*Gob.* That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shylocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, and hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leaue a rich *Jewes* seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

*Clo.* The old prouerbe is verie well parted betwene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speake'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

*Clo.* Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fiftene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Jew* in the twinkling.

Exit *Clo.*

*Bass.* I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, bid thee goe.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein. Exit *Le.*

Enter *Gratiano*.

*Gob.* Where's your Maister.

*Leon.* Yonder

*Leon.* Yonder sir he walks.

*Gob.* Signior *Bassanio*.

*Bass.* *Gratiano*.

*Gob.* I haue a sute to you.

*Bass.* You haue obtain'd it.

*Gob.* You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why then you must; but heare thee *Gratiano*, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults; But where they are not knowne, why there they show Something too liberall, pray thee take paine To allay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour I be misconstred in the place I goe to, should it not And loose my hopes.

*Gob.* Signor *Bassanio*, heare me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite, Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then, Wear prayer bookes in my packer, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen: Vie all the obseruance of ciuillitie Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gob.* Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.

*Bass.* No that were pittie,

I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends That purpose merriment: but far you well, I haue some businesse.

*Gob.* And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,

But we will visite you at supper time. Exit.

Enter *Iessica* and the *Clo.*

*Ies.* I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farwell: I would not haue my Father See me talke with thee.

*Clo.* Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete *Jew*, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue. Exit.

*Ies.* Farewell good *Lancelet*.

Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy louing wife. Exit.

Enter *Gratiano*, *Lorenzo*, *Salario*, and *Salanio*.

*Lor.* Nay, we will flinke away in supper time, Diguiue vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

*Gob.* We haue not made good preparation.

*Sal.* We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

*Sol.* 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not ynderooke.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter *Lancelet* with a Letter.

*Lan.* And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie.

*Lor.* I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.

*Gob.* Loue newes in faith.

*Lan.* By your leaue sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Lan.* Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Jew* to sup

to night with my new Master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will not faile her, speake it privately:

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to

night,

I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. Exit *Clo.*

*Sal.* I marry, ile be gone about it stra t.

*Sol.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratiano*s lodging

Some houre hence. Exit.

*Sal.* 'Tis good we do so.

*Gob.* Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,

What gold and jewells she is furnisht with,

What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:

If ere the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughters sake;

And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,

Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew*:

Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,

Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. Exit.

Enter *Jew*, and his man that was the *Clo.*

*Jew.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge, The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*:

What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmancize

As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*?

And sleepe, and snore, and end apparel out.

Why *Iessica* I say.

*Clo.* Why *Iessica*.

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Clo.* Your worship was wont to tell me

I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter *Iessica*.

*Ies.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,

There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,

But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon

The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,

Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,

There is some ill a bruining towards my rest,

For I did dreame of money bags to night.

*Clo.* I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master

Doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So doe I this.

*Clo.* And they haue conspired together: I will not say

you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

P

last,